1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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The family with which I lived in 1918 is typical. It consisted of Tokaoridja, aged seventy-five, her daughter Susie, fifty-five, both widows of long standing, and her two sons, Mark and Henry. Mark is a widower of thirty-four; Henry is thirty, his wife Nina is twenty-three, and his two sons are seven and three. They live in two houses standing side by side: Tokaoridja, Susie, and Mark in one, Henry's family in the other. Both the mother and daughter cook in their own half open house, and eat there with the two men and the boys. Nina sometimes joins them, but light hurting her failing eyes, she usually remains within her own brush house. To make the picture complete, there must be added the continual stream of visitors, mostly unattached men, relatives and otherwise, who share the ever ready meal. All five adults labor in their fields, which are their joint property, although more emphatically Mark's and Henry's. Nina also planted in a field allotted her by her father's elder brother for the sustenance of her two boys. The men give more attention to irrigation and their horses, and now that alfalfa is grown, to those fields too; the women have more concern in caring for the harvest.

Groups of closely related families living and working together form still larger informal units. A typical case is the group of which Manakadja is the head. With him live his wife and two adult unmarried sons. The adjacent house belongs to his oldest son, Jasper, his wife and two daughters, the next house to his youngest daughter, Esther, her husband and infant. A short distance opposite, sufficiently far to be something of a separate camp, is the house of his oldest daughter Teθek'idje, her husband and six children. All the women cook together in the open space about which the houses are grouped, although Teθek'idje's family leads rather a separate existence and Jasper's also does to some extent. All of them work their fields in common, or rather Manakadja's, whose inherited holdings are extensive. Esther's husband has some interest in his father's fields, and Teθek'idje's husband may own some land.

Watahomidja's family group comprises his wife, her aged Walapai stepmother, his eldest son and wife, his second son with his wife and two infants, and his third unmarried son. All these occupy one house and eat together. In 1918 his daughter, Callie, her husband and three children lived in an adjacent house, with the husband's aged mother living in a shelter alongside. This family led a somewhat independent existence, and in 1919 broke with them to live some distance off. This year Watahomidja was joined by his daughter's orphaned boy.

DANCES

Annual Dance

The one general dance (*yimdga*) of the year is hardly to be classed as religious, for it serves a social end, yet it is also a means of obtaining rain and prosperity. Certainly the pleasure element is uppermost for the majority of those attending. It is performed at the end of August or the beginning of September, when the harvest is gathered. At this time Navaho, Hopi, and Walapai visitors come to share the abundance and to trade, the several days of festivities furnishing the principal diversion of the year. In 1918 a somewhat impromptu affair was given on August eighteenth and a more extended dance in the middle of September lasting two days and nights; in 1919, the dance was held September twelfth to fifteenth occupying three nights and the intervening days. 527 535 [789] [241] [648]

The dance of August 1918, although held by day, was typical, save in one respect, namely, that most of the active men and women were absent in attendance on a mourning ceremony given by the Walapai. The dance ground, a disputed tract in the middle of the village, was voluntarily cleared by some boys, who piled the brush about the edges; this was the only approach to an enclosure. People began to arrive in the early afternoon, the men congregating apart from their families. Curiously enough, although the women sat together they formed three slightly separated groups; those from camps 7–18 (see map, Fig. 50) were at the southern end, camps 44–53 at the north, with the families from the middle section of the village between. Clearly this was not only an expression of the relationships prevailing between neighbors, but also of a degree of cohesion among neighbors as such. The older men smoked; the younger played games of chance; the women, when not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast, prepared basketry material. By midafternoon the entire village, with the exception of a few old women attending the sick, had arrived. Sinyella thereupon directed that a space be cleared to receive the food, arranged part of it that the men might eat, and distributed the remainder among the groups of women and children. At its conclusion, Sinyella and Manakadja, the only chiefs present, rose from their places before the men and addressed a moral discourse to the women and children, stating as well, that although the dance had not been given for several years, on this occasion it should be resumed in its old form. At this time, the heat of the day abating, the dance commenced. [648] 527 571 621 [525] [574] [537] [183] [535]

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On the subject of womanly beauty, I was told without hesitation that all men agree on Esther and Eunice. Both are young, sprightly, and smiling. Both have broad, perfectly oval faces; the curve of the cheek flowing smoothly from eye to wide chin, uninterrupted by prominent cheek bones. Both have clear, evenly pigmented skins, tan or buff, without wrinkles, hollows, darkly pigmented or thickly veined areas. Evidently the hair is not included in the estimate for Eunice's hair is cut quite short.

While wives are subordinate to their husbands no great restrictions are imposed on them. A wife follows when walking with her husband. She may eat after him when he entertains guests. Etiquette does not proscribe her seat with reference to his own. It is not proper for a woman to entertain a man alone during the absence of her husband, although it is permissible to have many men and children about. Nor should she walk about with any other man, not even a brother or father. If either of these relatives wants a thing brought from the fields, e.g., he so informs her, and she goes alone. When the objective is at a tiring distance, she may properly ride, but women do not ordinarily ride about the village, even when accompanying their husbands, as this would cause adverse comment. They would be cautioned against the possibility of being molested.

The attitude toward guests from other tribes should be one of cordiality. A stranger stands at the door until bidden to enter. The host now shakes hands and expresses his pleasure. Food is provided. Both are reserved, inquiries progressing slowly. The host makes a present, buckskins or food; his guest reciprocates. This is really an overture to trade negotiations, since presents are not freely given. Adoption is not usually practised, nor names bestowed.

The visitors were pressed to eat heartily before others at the dance in 1919. In spite of the cordiality shown them, group consciousness showed itself in the awkward banter, brusqueness, and the tendency to form a compact group on the part of the Navaho and Hopi visitors. At night they usually camped together at a single host's camp.

It is courteous to call out before entering a friend's house, though an informal entrance is not taken amiss. While it was said that a guest would be seated to the right of the entrance (to one looking in) or better at the side furthest from it, this was denied by another informant. Casual guests munch a roasted ear of corn, etc., if such happens to be prepared, otherwise nothing is cooked for them. No word for thanks exists other than *kánipá*, good, nor any for please. The Zuñi custom of expressing thanks is ridiculed.

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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is intense; each breath burns the nostrils and the roots of the hair feel ablaze.[1] Suddenly the leader bursts into song; the others may join him. Near the end of their stay (ten minutes or more) the leader sprinkles water on the rocks with his fingers. To escape the fierce steam which rises to the top of the lodge, one bows face to earth, gradually rising as he is inured. On emerging, the bathers may plunge into the creek, or loll about waiting their turn again.[2] 515

Any song may be sung in the lodge, but some are peculiar to it. These are used by an old man, not a shaman, to cure one who is hurt or wounded (*nahamĭ'dvidjă suddĭgă*, singing to cure). Such songs cannot be sung outside for fear of a calamity. Rock Jones, a weather shaman, sang his songs to produce rain, which evoked an immediate response in the form of a flood while he was still within the lodge. 533 [155] [789]

Midafternoon finds the gambling games in full swing at one or two of the village camps where convivial spirits foregather; women and principally younger men. A typical scene at T——'s would show several games in progress in the shade of the cottonwoods, with shrill laughter punctuating the challenge and banter of the little circles seated on the sand; the horses standing, stamping, at the corral edge; men and boys coming and going; the children tumbling about in the sunshine; the elderly host, who rarely indulges, seated to one side, parrying chaff; and his half-blind wife querulously engaged in her household tasks. The function of this host is not clear; it is said that he likes to have the players come, but evidently they fee him from time to time. I have heard his voice echoing through the canyon, much to the amusement of bystanders, calling on the tardy to hasten. 517 525 [574]

Footracing (*tanomdgvĭgă*, race by two; *tanomdgoolgă*, by three or more) is to a point 50 to 125 m. distant and return. Races were usually for stakes. There are no relay or kicking races, although the latter are known[3]. Horseracing has superseded footracing, but it has developed on the same pattern, i.e., a race to a point and return. Considerable attention is given to the preparation of the course in the canyon (about 1500 m. long) and selecting the horses. To insure a colt becoming a racehorse, the following meaningless songs are sung while he is being broken:— 526 541 541 789 533

[1] On a day in October, the temperature in a lodge that was not quite air-tight registered 135° F. (outside 73°F). Probably the temperature in the summer lodges ranges from 110°-130° F. G. A. Dorsey notes of a Cheyenne sweat-lodge that "it is probable that the heat registered not less than 140°" (ch. 4a). [345]

[2] I have found the sweating decidedly refreshing, relaxing every muscle. The plunge into the cold water has not the expected shock, although it does set the muscles quivering.

[3] In connection with a myth it was said that the object kicked (*tcpĕ'*?) was a lump compounded of wool and pitch gum. The Pima use a ball of greasewood gum or a gum coated core of stone and wood (Hrdlička, (a), 46). [171]

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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Vesnor and his horse. The children scampered off through the brush on the trail that led to the village. At home there would be food, the kind they were accustomed to and for which they hungered in a way no white man's viands could satisfy. Perhaps it would be the delicious corn bread their mothers made by crushing grains of new corn to a pulp, molding it into elongated shapes which were fitted into the husks of green corn and baked in the ashes. The bread would be rich and sweet and more delicious than any hardtack ever made. Or if it were the season for little green squashes, there would be another treat. The squash, cooked, mashed and mixed with the cooked grains of new corn, was a delicacy so enjoyed that the thought of it could start the children's feet running toward home. There would be food at every house they passed on the trail, and a Havasupai shared as generously as our own ancestors did before we measured our sustenance by its cost in dollars and cents.

That week another letter came from Mr. Ewing demanding that I submit the annual report immediately. He added the important news that the Hackberry Day School would open in the fall as the Truxton Canyon Training School. This would be the fulfillment of the promise he had made to the Walapai that he would establish a boarding school for their children.

Early Saturday morning I started to the Indian village to get additional information to incorporate in the annual report. The trail hugged the foot of the west wall. I had passed scattered wickiups, tucked back among the willows, before I came to a high, precipitous section of the wall that narrowed the passage. Bob, one of the tribe's medicine men, had told me that the god-spirit lived in two columns of stone on the rim of this inthrust section. The Indians had discovered these at the time they had settled in the canyon.

I had an excellent view of the two great pillars of red sandstone, as tranquil and aloof as images of Buddha. Neither white man nor Indian could fail to be impressed by them. What force placed them in that exposed position? How had they stood through the

Hilliff Y-6 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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241 Their garden was lush with corn, beans, pumpkins, watermelons and sunflowers that grew large seed heads. Purple figs and red-cheeked peaches grew at one end of the plot.

Chickapanyegi worked unhurriedly, pushing the dirt aside with his bare toes to open the floodgates, letting the water gush through to fill the ditches that ran between his rows of vegetables. Toes did the work of fingers, opening ditches or packing the soil to close them, picking up sticks and stones and piling them ready to be removed. Here was a way of life new to me and very intriguing.

000 The Walapai that I knew lived in idleness on bare sand, accepting government rations, a few working at odd jobs. These people produced and stored food, not only for the immediate future, but for years ahead. At one time, the Walapai, too, had been self-supporting and self-sufficient; then agents of the government had come, using rations as a buying power, and had established controls that crushed initiative.

241 412 The Havasupai had devised their own garden tools, even making a spade by fashioning the blade and handle from a long, flat piece of wood. They used the shoulder blades of horses or anything they could get that would loosen the soil or chop weeds. Obviously they were greatly handicapped by these primitive tools; sticks, bones and toes were poor substitutes for spades, hoes and rakes. The Indians themselves restricted production by refusing to till inherited land until it had lain fallow for a year or more. The spirit of the dead might at any time return to its former home, so they would not make immediate use of such land, partly through fear, but also to show respect to the former owner. Thus many acres of fertile soil lay fallow, necessitating more intensive cultivation of the land in use.

241 Tending their crops and preserving their food was the main object in life for the people of this village. Always the crop was divided into portions: some for eating, some held for an emergency, but the best kept for seed.

342 674 Chickapanyegi's rectangular house stood near his garden. The flat, brush-covered roof, topped with earth, and the sides, thatched

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

with heavy boughs still fully leafed, kept the interior cool. An open porch sheltered the doorway. When his wife wiped the soil from her hands and entered the house, I intended to follow, but hesitated as I caught the odor of cooking meat. It came from a lard pail, propped on stones over an outdoor fire. She turned and motioned for me to lift the lid; she was pleased that they had fresh meat, for it was far from plentiful. Curious to know what she was cooking for the family dinner, I uncovered the pail.

Two large glassy eyes stared at me from above the boiling water, and made the cooking rabbit seem alive. The hairy ears stood erect increasing the impression. The skinned body had been crammed into the bucket, but the head had refused to remain submerged. The lid dropped, clattering from my hand. Since then I have not cared to eat rabbit!

The interior of Chickapanyegi's house was arranged like all well-kept Havasupai homes: rolled bedding in the depressions in the floor where the family slept; personal possessions tied in a cloth and hung above the bed; and the inevitable pole, just below the ceiling, loaded with rabbit skin blankets, fiber mats, Navaho blankets and clothing not in use. Poles supported drying ears of corn and spirals of squash that brushed the head and shoulders as one moved about within the house.

I wanted next to see Gentle Annie's home. Her house would not be neat and spotless if Gentle Annie was the housekeeper. She was old and tired from the wars she had survived and the hardships life had dealt her. I found her standing at the door of her dome-shaped wickiup. Her wrinkled face and bright black eyes held friendliness. That may have been why she was known to Indians and to whites as Gentle Annie, the only name I ever heard for her.

A brand-new bedroom chamber, pink roses painted on its yellow side, stood on a box near by—filled with delicately browned navy beans.

With toil-worn hands Gentle Annie reached up to the lintel, took down a hard, dry slab about twelve inches wide by sixteen

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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long, folded back the cloth in which it was wrapped and breaking off a small chunk, handed it to me saying, "Eat!" How long it had lain there, growing harder and drier with age, I had no way of knowing, but to refuse her hospitality would give offense. I took a bite. At first it tasted like dried sweet potato, but the mass grew bigger and bigger until my mouth was full of coarse, hard fibers. I made an excuse for leaving, that I might get rid of it without hurting Gentle Annie's pride. I learned later that the Indians dried mescal in sheets and stored it as this slab had been stored, so I may have had my first and only taste of mescal.

When I arrived at Little Jim's home, his wife E-e was leaving to empty and clean her storehouse. I accompanied her for I wanted to learn more of their ancient and peculiar method of storing food. The small stone granary, with a round opening for the insertion or removal of food, was built in a crevice in the canyon wall. The hard stratum beneath made a solid floor that rodents could not penetrate. Neither could they work their way through the stone walls, plastered with a hard cement of native manufacture from material available in the canyon. There was a never-ending fight against rodents. The numerous rats, mice and chipmunks, when winter reduced their food supply of growing plants, raided any storehouse into which they could gnaw their way.

The opening in E-e's storehouse was closed with a flat stone, sealed in place with cement in which the family's mark of identification had been placed. If anyone helped himself to her stores, a break in this seal would warn her of the theft. She dug away the mortar, set the stone aside, then lifted out the few stores that were left.

Crawling through the opening, she brushed up the floor, then began storing the food she had brought with her: ears of seed corn in one place; shelled corn in another; strings of dried squash and pumpkin necessitating special care to prevent spoilage, by themselves. With amusing gestures, when I failed to understand her native tongue, she showed me how she tied the dried seed of

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Frightened Shamans

514 Manakadja had come to my office on an official call. His linen duster and the derby hat perched atop his braids were special attire. These were the only ones I had seen, so I knew the occasion was important. After the exchange of greetings, tension eased a bit, and the chief reached into an inner recess of the 413 237 duster and brought forth a thin slice of bone. It was a headscratcher, made from the leg bone of a deer, eight inches long, flat and highly polished. It widened from its point to a broad end through which a hole had been drilled for the insertion of a [533] buckskin thong. A louse, complete in every tiny detail, was tattooed on its point.

Fully appreciating the humor of his act, he illustrated how one stirred up the little fellows when they nipped too hard. He asked, "You savvy?" Then added, "You like 'em, two bits."

515 Necessity had devised this clever instrument, for even though 413 we waged constant warfare against lice, and the Indians cleaned one another's heads, vermin were still a scourge. If one were too busy in his garden or at games to have a head-cleaning, the headscratcher came into use. I occasionally picked up a louse or two myself during a conference or in a wickiup while working over the sick.

I bought the chief's headscratcher. It would convince my friends back home that I had lived among a primitive people. It still is one of my choice possessions.

[p. 146]

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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CHAPTER TWENTY

The Peach Dance

15

As summer waned, the Indians' activities centered on the Peach Dance, their annual harvest festival, held in late August or early September to give thanks to Those Above for a bountiful crop and to petition for continued protection and care. 796 527 514

Men and boys hurried to complete a task at which they had worked indifferently for weeks—the clearing of brush and debris from the dance floor. Messengers rode up the trails to the east and to the west, carrying the knotted counting cord extending invitations to friendly tribes. The invited guests need only cut a knot from the cord each day, the last knot representing the day festivities would begin. These guests would bring news, and their presence would add zest and gayety to the celebration. Women left their games of chance and busied themselves at the grinding stones. Vegetables were brought in from the gardens; peaches, figs and apricots, either fresh or dried, were prepared for the big feast. [203 211] [262]

The Peach Dance was one of those age-old ceremonies revealing the true culture of the Havasupai. For centuries men and women of friendly tribes had flocked to the canyon to take part in the festivities and to trade Navaho blankets, ponies, saddles and silver ornaments for garden-grown vegetables, fruits and buckskin. [439]

A few Walapai and several Hopi drifted in for the dance, and our hopes kindled that some of the white men and women who had previously attended this ceremony might make the trip into

2:11iff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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796 527 574 the canyon. Tourists always brought news from the outside—and how welcome that was! And, too, we caught some of their excitement in entering what was, to them, a wonderland. But, since my arrival, so few had come.

000 One hot summer day, three lads from Princeton, spending their summer vacation hiking across the United States, had walked out from Williams and climbed down the Lee Canyon trail. They were full of fun—and short on food, so we sold them what we could spare from our supplies. They took a quick look around, then went gaily up the Walapai trail to new adventures, leaving me with the feeling that, compared to them, I was very much encompassed by stone walls. Later, the wife of the Governor of Arizona came down with a party of friends to catalogue the flora of the canyon. They camped under the cottonwood, eating their meals from a boulder, quickly finished their work and departed. Their visit heightened our interest in the delicate plants tucked away in cool grottoes as well as in the more abundant hardier ones. And we had met a governor's wife who sacrificed physical comfort for the advancement of science.

Then there was the family from Chicago. They had driven their team across the desert, climbing down the zigzagging Walapai trail and stopped at our door to demand shelter. The frail wife and sick daughter sat their horses, wanting nothing in this world but a bed on which to lay their aching bodies. While I assembled the beds, they rewarded me with a description of the Pacific Ocean as they had seen it that summer, a sea of pale blue fire. Too many fish had perished in some catastrophe in the deep, causing the phosphorescent glow.

Then there had been George Wharton James's visit to the Indian village.

Each one had brought his bit of excitement and information, leaving us the richer for his coming. But now, when we longed only to see again a face from a world that was beginning to seem so remote, to hear what its people were doing, no one but Indians came down the trail.

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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180 *People of the Blue Water*

827 To the primitive Indian, unconsciousness is "going dead for awhile." I learned this one day when I fainted in the classroom. The children ran from the room in terror, but later told me, "You went dead and we were afraid." The deduction was that one who "went dead for awhile" had most certainly entered the land of the departed and should have exciting experiences to relate.

177 However, the people were soon disillusioned. These emotional
796 orgies did not bring back their dead. Even more discouraging, some of those who climbed the pole were said to have died within a short time. This gave the Havasupai their reason for discontinuing the dance. But more potent forces were at work. On some reservations the dances drew large crowds and the emotional demonstrations reached such extremes that soldiers were called in to restore order. One agent, at least, resorted to strategy by preparing a big feast for the day of the dance. Food would be plentiful, and free—but no dancing. The feast was well attended—the dance floor deserted. Within four or five years the demoralizing ceremony was entirely discontinued.

796 However, after the terrific excitement of the Ghost Dance, the
527 older Havasupai women may have found their native Peach Dance a little slow, so resorted to hysterical demonstrations to enliven it.

The Peach Dance would end with feasting and horse racing.
796 For the feast men and women were strictly segregated. The former,
527 on one side of the race track, were discussing rules with Manakadja.
574 Across the track, the women were busy with food under a long open-sided shelter.

The men served the food, placing it, according to custom, on green branches spread on the ground. As a matter of courtesy, visiting men were served first. Then men of the tribe. Women and children shared what was left. The feast over, the leaders took turns lecturing the crowd on proper conduct.

796 Up to this time neither men nor women had manifested much
527 excitement. They had danced the previous night until long past
541 midnight, and were tired and sleepy. The loud thump, thump of the dance drum had echoed and re-echoed up and down the

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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Havasupai

ment. There is no comparison between the children of the same ages of the Havasupais and the Navahoes or Hopis. And yet, when they enter school, some of the Havasupais learn with a rapidity equal to that of these other children. 18

It seems strange to find a people whose children have no equivalent for dolls; nothing specifically to care for. They are capricious in their treatment of their domestic animals, cats and dogs, sometimes petting them to excess, and then lifting the yelping or squalling creatures by the legs, twisting these members over their backs, or otherwise torturing them. [23]

The boys and the girls, as well as the men and women, are expert horse riders. Every family has its horses, and the children ride from their earliest years. Even as I write I catch glimpses now and then of a red-shawled girl on horseback and hear the hard strike of the horse's hoofs as he dashes along at break-neck speed along the trail near the hawa of my host. All ride astride, and are as fearless in ascending and descending the steep trails that give access and egress to their canyon home as the wildest and most expert of the Rough Riders. 492

One of their great sports and gala times is when visiting Indians — Navahoes, Hopis, or Wallapais — come with fleet horses and races are arranged for. While they have no "Derby Day," they have days on which half the personal property of the village is pledged on the success of certain horses. They are inveterate gamblers; and blankets, buckskins, saddles, bridles, Navaho jewelry, horses, burros, and everything "gambleable" are risked on the outcome. And what an exciting scene an Indian horserace is, and how picturesque! There 541 525 [574]

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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and beaten up and down in a bowl of water until a good lather and suds are produced. Then the operator takes a mouthful of the liquid and squirts it over the skin, which he manipulates and softens, rubs, scrubs, and pulls with his fingers and feet, moistening it again and again as occasion requires. Wild catskins are treated in the same way.

From this excellent buckskin the men make moccasins for themselves and their women. The first time I saw Kohot Navaho he was sitting naked, upon a blanket outside his hawa, his three wives near by, they cutting and preparing peaches for drying, he busily engaged making a pair of moccasins. The sole is of two or three thicknesses of heavy rawhide, to which the uppers of buckskin are deftly sewn, with strings of catgut or deer intestines, the holes being made by a bone awl.

Every summer trading-parties of both Hopis and Navahoes come down to the village, bringing blankets, ponies, pottery, and the like, for exchange. In 1898 there were three separate bands of Navahoes and two of Hopis. Trading is a serious process. Laws of barter or sale are first made, before the traders open their packs, and all the people are expected to abide by these loosely promulgated laws without question. Then the hawa of the Havasupai host is turned into a store. Poles are suspended in every possible direction on which to show off the blankets to best advantage. A crowd of chattering men and women stand outside, or, now and again, come inside, during the whole day, and at night-time the men who have done business come in, squat on the ground, and spend the hours in smoking, tale-telling, and gossip.

There is difficulty in the Havasupai mind at trading

They are petty thieves, but years of experience have taught me that they could not be persuaded to engage in larceny on a grander scale. One of my first experiences in this line was to have some little thing taken from my camp many years ago (I forget now what it was). Immediately I sent for Hotouta, and told him the article must be returned. In a few hours the boy thief (now a hang-dog looking buck) came and brought back the article. 157 181 685

On my last visit, coffee and candy were taken from my sacks at Wa-lu-tha-ma's hawa, and three necklaces which I had taken as presents for some of the children. I spoke angrily to my host of his negligence to protect my goods when they were in his care, and, as for the necklaces, said if they were not returned by morning I should complain to the agent, and have the thief discovered and punished. Long before sunrise in the morning the necklaces were returned.

There is a good deal of craft about some of them. For a long time Captain Jim and a few others had wished to have a road or trail made around Huc-gli-i-wa that would make it less dangerous, and add much to the comfort of the people, who lived both above and below this spot, when they wished to visit each other. For years nothing was done. But when, this year, he took the matter up again, he did it in a round-about way that won success. He urged that an invitation be sent to the leading horsemen of the Wallapais to bring their best horses and come and run races with them. The Wallapais accepted the invitation. Now was Captain Jim's opportunity for the display of his finesse. He casually suggested to some of the most ardent racers that the way to beat the Wallapais was to make a race-track 157 181 541 574 499

3:James T-6 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

157 181 541 ● 57 499 just the same as the white men did, and, when it was completed, train their horses to run on it until they were so familiar with it that, when the Wallapais came, they would be able to take all the advantages this additional knowledge would give. The suggestion worked like a charm. It was Tom Sawyer's woodpile over again. The young men waited on the Kohot, Manakacha, and asked permission to cut a road a mile long through the middle portion of the canyon. The only place where this could be done was just where Captain Jim desired the road. He was appointed to see that the work was properly done, and the first few days of my visit were enlivened by the echoing roars of the powder explosions that were set off. When I went down to the lower part of the village it was over the new and completed road, a full mile in length, and well cut out and graded. Such a consummation was devoutly to be wished, and while races are not an unmixed good, one could tolerate them the easier for the Havasupais if they would always be the means of accomplishing such desirable ends.

157 181 The Havasupais are far from being dull and stupid, as casual observers suppose. They can see the point of things as quickly as some of their white neighbors. For instance; I have elsewhere, in my Grand Canyon book, told how Silver, Hotouta's fine horse, was given to Mr. Bass. This horse has always been an object of envy to some of the young men of the tribe. Mr. Bass also bought from Sinyela a red mule of some of my exciting experiences. Having once had possession of this mule was in itself an overpowering temptation to those Indians, who, in the days of Sinyela's ownership, had been permitted to ride it. Consequently Mr. Bass

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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CHAPTER XVI

THE HAVASUPAIS' RELIGIOUS DANCES AND BELIEFS

771 THE Havasupais do not occupy a high place in the scale of religious life. They are very different from the Hopis and Navahoes. They have few ceremonies, few prayers, and few ideas connected with the world of spirits. If evil comes upon them they seek to propitiate the power that caused it. They dance and pray. But there is no system, no recurrence of elaborate ceremonials year after year. Indeed, the only regular dance that I have personally seen is that of the annual harvest, and that is occasionally omitted. The [755] Sick Dance, as its name implies, is for the purpose of healing the sick.

776 On the second night of my first visit to the Havasupais my companions and I were invited by Hotouta to [574] accompany him to one of these harvest thanksgiving dances. It was a wild and fantastic scene. Gathered together in a circular enclosure, the fence made of willow poles bound together with withes of the same tree, were between one hundred and two hundred Indians of both sexes in any and all manner of dress and undress. Three or four bonfires added to the weirdness by throwing peculiar lights and shadows upon the countenances of those present. At times there was a silence which became almost solemn in its intensity, and then

The Economy, Old and New

The Precontact Pattern

Before pressures of the white culture were felt, the Havasupai wintered on the plateau. Men, singly or in small groups, went there on summer hunting trips. Whiting (n. d., 61) suggests that the Havasupai "conceive of their agriculture as something incidental, a supplement to a nonagricultural way of life." Whiting points out that even today, when farming is virtually their only resource, Havasupai do not take pride in their fields as Pueblo farmers do, regarding the land rather as a confining element which restricts their freedom. He states further (p. 53) that, in the prehistoric economy, neither agricultural produce nor the wild food supply was available in sufficient quantity to sustain the population, and that it was essential for each family to supplement hunting and gathering activities by farming. This view evokes the question of how the neighboring Walapai survived in a similar environment with virtually no farming.

Whiting's thesis is in contradition to Spier's that the Havasupai are so largely agriculturists that the "loss of a crop may mean a famine year" (Spier 1928, 101). Wild food plants were primarily a winter supplement to field products. Spier notes further (p. 108) that hunting is "a man's second occupation, for he relies mainly on his field products."

Perhaps the difference Whiting discerns between Pueblo and Havasupai attitudes toward farming is in part a result of natural environment. Certainly, Pueblo farmers must pit their ingenuity against desert aridity to win a harvest, while a seed dropped in a Cataract Canyon field will grow with only occasional attention from the farmer.

When adverse conditions brought Havasupai subsistence to a dangerously low level, as occasionally happened, some families would go to live with friends or relatives among the Hopi and Walapai. In turn, the Havasupai were hosts to families from both these tribes in years of bountiful harvest.

Spier (1928, 99-100) reported that the Havasupai journeyed from the plateau to the canyon in early spring, planting activities beginning in mid-April. In summer, everyone, except those who were away on trading trips, lived in the canyon village. Corn ripened for use by the middle of June, and the harvest continued until September, when other domestic crops and wild plant foods were also harvested and prepared for winter storage. By the middle of October, family groups were drifting back to semipermanent winter camps on the plateau.

When families were camped in Cataract Canyon, women made frequent gathering trips to the Esplanade. A number of springs there served as focal points for camps of certain families. Ownership of the various springs was vested in specific individuals, and both the springs and the surrounding land were in heritage.

464 $50 to $70 for most of the year; school laborer, $35 to $50, and school house-
657 keeper and cook, $120.
465 In 1958 the salaried positions open to Havasupai living on the reservation included postmaster, tribal tourist manager, policeman, and mail carrier. Salaries for three of the jobs ranged from $60 to $150 per month. The mail carrier was on an annual salary of $4100. Of 30 families, 24 received welfare assistance, the income from this source totaling about $2,500 per month. Victor Collins, the resident agent, estimated that 15 men packing for the store and the tourist enterprise averaged approximately $750 each annually. He placed the garden crop value at about $300 per family. Perhaps an index to the cash income for the tribe may be found in the amount spent for groceries at the tribal grocery store. It was reported that an average $2,000 grocery order is stocked at approximately six week intervals.

For some years prior to 1951, the Indian Service annually paid an estimated average of $800 to $1,000 for repair of ditches damaged by flood in Supai. Kelly (1953, 53) reports the Office of Indian Affairs budget for 1953 to have been $2,545 for irrigation operation in Supai, which sum, of course, covered costs in addition to wages.

231 About 20 Havasupai families each own a few head of cattle which bring
511 a small and sporadic cash income and furnish some meat for family consump-
434 tion. The number of horses owned by the Havasupai is pertinent to their cattle ownership problems. For many years, available range was overstocked with horses which the owners could not be induced to sell. After much urging, the Havasupai sold three carloads of horses in 1947, and in subsequent years their herd was further reduced to a level more consistent with their needs and with their expressed desire to increase cattle herds. However, the presence of wild horses which deplete available range continues to pose a problem.

Some minor sources of income include sale to tourists of baskets
434 woven by a few of the Havasupai women, sale of a few tanned buckskins by
511 men to members of other tribes, and winning of rodeo prizes by younger men who enter competitions in neighboring communities. Havasupai men, being excellent horsemen, are in demand by neighboring ranchers. Perhaps more
[469] than a dozen young men work periodically as ranch hands and regularly participate in autumn roundups of cattle owned by the Walapai tribe and by white ranchers.

464 Havasupai who leave the canyon to find employment outside may be-
166 come permanent residents of neighboring communities, but their ties with relatives living in the canyon and their sense of identification with the tribe
● [574] remain strong. Visits to Supai are made with some frequency, and such individuals do not voluntarily relinquish claim to lands in the canyon. If
[425] their fields are used by others, as they usually are, ownership will pass in

Summary

This, then, is the setting for the present day life of the Havasupai woman. Her immediate environment lies within the confines of Cataract Canyon, striking in beauty and once considered rich in life-sustaining resources. Now, however, with tribal lands mainly restricted to the canyon, and given a stabilized or increasing population and a change in economy, the former richness of Cataract Canyon has become modest indeed. It is inadequate for the number of people living there. 131 133

While the canyon home is of primary importance to the Havasupai, it by no means excludes alien influences and pressures. Even very aged Havasupai women leave the canyon with some frequency, sometimes remaining for weeks or months with relatives or friends in neighboring towns or on other reservations. It is a common misconception of visitors to Supai that the tribe lives in isolation. It must be stressed that the Havasupai see and learn much more of the outside world than white Americans ever know of the Havasupai. 574 648

Havasupai women of middle age, probably without exception, have had some formal schooling. Most of them attended boarding school for several years. Among the young adults, many of the women have one or more years of high school. At present, youngsters spend the entire school year living at schools outside the canyon and separated from their parents. 871

Havasupai women are in touch with white American culture through radio, movies, popular records, mail order catalogues, magazines, and, more emphatically, through influences of the resident agent and missionary families, other personnel rendering services to them, and face to face contact with white people in neighboring communities as well as visitors to the reservation. 177 648

The cultural heritage of the Havasupai woman was that of a farming and hunting people, seasonally migratory and somewhat less bound to the land than were their Pueblo neighbors. The tribal culture was so unformalized as to be characterized by its meagerness of content and also by the seeming indifference or inattention to the ideal with which the Havasupai followed specific cultural patterns. While tribal traditions continue to filter from one generation to the next, customs and the body of folk knowledge are becoming much attenuated among the younger generations and are often eclipsed by foreign influences. It might be said that the young Havasupai woman of today stands with her cultural heritage as much a part of her as the shadow which extends behind her, but her mind is literally turned toward a new culture which she accepts readily as she is able to comprehend its usefulness to her. 178 182

592 father, mother, and siblings, included one or both of his paternal grandparents. It might also include paternal uncles, together with their wives and children, and unmarried paternal uncles and aunts. Occasionally, there might be attached to the household other relatives of the child's father, such as a widowed sister and her children, a widowed brother and his children, a divorced brother or sister with or without children, an illegitimate or orphaned niece or nephew, or a sibling of the child's father's parents or grandparents. Despite the range of possibilities in kinship associations in an extended family sharing a common residence, the average number of persons included in a camp 35 years ago was 4.2 individuals (Spier 1928, 210). The composition of the household might include any combination of relatives listed in the foregoing description. The number of persons living in a reservation household in 1951 varied from a mean of 4.9 in July to a mean of 3.7 in December. The largest unit living as one household included 17 individuals, while two households were occupied by lone widowers.

5714 593 602 621 In former times, during plateau residence, a child may have had less contact with those relatives who did not belong to his residence group than he has today within the confines of the canyon. But there were even then frequent periods of visiting between related families. Tribal members gathered for dances during the planting and harvesting seasons. Related families ordinarily met for the observance of such rituals as those accompanying birth or death of kinsmen. The small size of the community in Cataract Canyon, after the Havasupai settled more permanently there, brought about an extremely close association between a child and those relatives who did not belong to his camp residence group. All families in the canyon are fairly close neighbors, and children, from an early age, are free to visit about at the homes of relatives and friends.

Kinship

602 603 [591] [848] [591] An individual professes an equal regard for his paternal and maternal grandparents, but it is frequently confessed that a closer bond is shared with those grandparents who were members of his childhood residence group. Although residence usually was patrilocal, this was never an inflexible rule, and today there is a trend for young couples to set up individual camps within a few years after marriage, especially if the husband seeks employment outside the canyon. An illegitimate child, or an orphaned child, is almost always the ward of, or in the residence group of, his maternal grandparents for a part of his life, if they are living. Thus, a child reared by his parents is likely to be more closely associated with his paternal grandparents, whereas a child who lives apart from parents, or who survives them, is likely to be more closely associated with his maternal grandparents. In accordance with the ideal cultural norms, the paternal grandmother is the one with whom a child resides, whereas the maternal grandmother has the prerogative of performing certain roles in connection with the birth of a child, depending upon the circumstances existing in a particular situation.

Children visit other camps until they are eight or nine years old, usually asking permission to leave their homes. Boys have more freedom in visiting and are less likely to ask permission than are girls. A child eats wherever he happens to be at mealtime if food is offered. Young children are expected to be home by dark. When a child is visiting another camp, his adult hosts may correct his misbehavior and "try to help him do what is right." 857 574 [264] [867]

Gambling games are learned by both sexes. Children of six or seven imitate the men's "hidden ball" game and the "stick and rock" game, without a full knowledge of the rules. At 10 or 12 years of age, both boys and girls join teenagers and young adults at the "stick and rock" game in the public gambling place, each player usually betting a dime per game. 857 525

Both boys and girls learn to swim at four or five years of age. So far as could be discovered, no Havasupai child has ever drowned in the creek which bisects the inhabited area. (The only known drowning of a Havasupai child occurred in an irrigation ditch in a neighboring white community.) A youngster is taken by his parents to Havasu Creek for bathing about the time he can walk. Families usually go to the stream each afternoon for this purpose. A father, mother, and their small children go together, whereas older children join friends of their own age and make more sport of the occasion. If a small child is afraid of the water, he is not ridiculed nor coaxed, but is permitted to sit quietly on the bank. A frightened child thus forgets his fears in watching the fun of others. It is doubtful that there is any Havasupai adult or child over seven or eight years of age who cannot swim. 868 857 [481] [165] [515]

A small child is first taken into shallow water by one of his parents and kept there only long enough to be bathed and perhaps to splash a little. As the child grows and gains in confidence, he plays with adults and other small children in water knee-deep or hip-deep. Even a child of four who cannot swim will participate in simple water games.

Children of four or five go with older children, unaccompanied by adults, to swim and play at various holes along the stream course. The younger children do not venture beyond a safe depth, and I never saw or heard of any child having to be rescued from the water. There seems to be little anxiety by parents concerning safety of their children when they are in or near the creek. Swimmers conduct themselves neither carelessly nor recklessly; they appear to avoid any action that would place themselves or others in danger.

When a child wishes to go into deep water, a teenager or an adult may take him in and support him or stand by until it appears safe for the child to strike out alone. Usually a child has learned to swim and dive in the shallow pools before he ventures into deep water. Children dive under water to retrieve rocks, do handstands, race to catch a floating object, play

834 964 she preferred to dress her daughter in waist overalls to discourage any attempts by male playmates to pull her pants down or to make sexual overtures. She stated that she had warned her daughter against permitting any of the boys to disturb her clothing, and against exposing herself in a boy's presence. Nearly all little girls at present, however, wear dresses rather than overalls.

834 967 As a girl grew older, she was discouraged from association with boys outside her kinship group. The pattern of isolated residence made it easy for parents to watch their daughters closely most of the time. Nuclear or extended families camped together during plateau residence, and, commonly, any close neighbors would be relatives. Their semi-nomadic isolation during much of the year afforded young people few opportunities to meet away from the vigilant eyes of parents.

867 609 Children of both sexes were taught from early childhood to beware of strangers, the threat of enemy raiding parties being a constant worry. Girls, in addition, were expected to remain in the background when visitors, other than relatives, were present, particularly if boys their own age were in the group. Reportedly, the infrequent meetings between unrelated families resulted in extreme shyness of both sexes. The culture dictated that, ideally, a girl conduct herself with reticence and modesty.

[827] [864] [114] [177] Boys, reportedly, were warned to refrain from sexual indulgence because it would hinder proper growth and weaken them physically. When girls reached puberty, they were instructed that sexual relations would result in pregnancy. Spier (1928, 324) notes that 35 years ago adolescent girls remained under their mother's supervision, not being permitted to go about the reservation freely. Perhaps regular school attendance has broken down this restraint upon young girls. At any rate, girls of today come and go, alone or in small groups, much as they please.

574 857 571 Although a family formerly spent much of the time in solitude, families assembled for economic or social occasions such as the pinyon nut harvest, cooperative hunting activities, intertribal trading, funerals, autumn and winter story-telling, and, sometimes, visiting. Also families were close neighbors during the regular planting and harvesting season in Cataract Canyon. On such occasions, both on the plateau and in the canyon, play groups would almost certainly include unrelated children. There must have been opportunity on such occasions for young people to arrange secret meetings.

571 Concentration of tribal families on the reservation about 1895, and later at Grand Canyon, brought individuals into continuous group association.

relatives who stop by to tend the fire for warmth in winter, cook, bring food, or perform other small services. Some relative may visit at the camp for a few weeks or months, but such care is intermittent, and the unfortunate aged without children may suffer from neglect, especially if they are unable to move about or prepare food. 888 737

Two Observed Cases

A feeble woman of 86 years was observed daily during a period of three weeks while the investigator was interviewing the daughter with whom the old lady was living at the Grand Canyon Village.

She could hear well but was almost totally blind. Her face was a mass of loose wrinkles, the edges of her eyelids barely distinguishable among the other lines unless she partially opened her right eye, as she did occasionally. Her tangled grey hair straggled loosely about her face. On a pile of dirty rags, she sat or lay beside the campfire. On her frail, stooped figure she wore the same tattered, filthy dress, sweater, and machine-made moccasins during the entire three weeks and probably slept in these garments at night. She was never seen washing, and showed no evidence of having done so. [145] [515]

She was fed thin cornmeal soup and small portions of whatever the family had that she could swallow in her apparently toothless state. She drank her food from a saucepan or small granite bowl, using her fingers for more solid morsels. Her son-in-law had traded some red rock powder in Moenkopi for about $5 worth of piki bread, of which she was especially fond. She crumbled it in small pieces, scooped it up in both hands, and with head tilted back, emptied it into her mouth. [262] [415] [264]

The old woman was able to hobble about leaning upon a stick cane. To reach her toilet area she followed a mooring rope along the side of the tent in which her daughter's family lived, then followed a rope strung for her from a rear corner of the tent around some trees which removed her a little distance from the camp but not from sight. Once, when the old woman hobbled some distance from the camp gathering wood chips in a bag slung over her shoulder, she was guided back by her small grandson. Occasionally, she would wander off to visit a neighbor and would hobble around in circles until someone came to her rescue. On these occasions, the adults would call a child to her assistance and would keep shouting instructions to her and the youngster rather than themselves helping her unless no child was within calling distance. The children would lead her with a stick rather than touch her. Adults showed an equal distaste for personal contact with her, yet her toddling grandchildren were permitted to sit in her lap and her daughters-in-law readily placed their babies in her arms. [344] [482] [571]

12: Cushing E-5 (1881) 1882
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

The Nation of The Willows. I

123 609 run forward and warn the tribe — whose voices, mingled with the barking of dogs and the murmuring of the river, could be heard below — of our coming, or wait to greet us. Finally, he shouted, in a rapid, gurgling, soft sort of language, that the villagers were coming; and then, with a sort of questioning smile, turned toward us, keeping up a ceaseless gibberish, but eying me closely, and evidently thinking me the most curious member of the party.

He guided us through the willows to a crossing of the river, and as we rode up the opposite bank we were greeted by a waiting crowd of men, women, and children, who were gathered around two or three huts in front of a little [343] sweat-house, closely covered with blankets. From out this primitive Turkish bath, heedless of the excited gestures of the presiding medicine man, issued in a cloud of steam a real American, red as a lobster, and half blinded by the steaming he had just passed through. At first he greeted me most blankly, eying me as he would a ghost, but ultimately he became talkative. This exile proved to be a prospector, named Harvey Sample, — "Sani pu," the Indians called him, — who had accompanied a cavalry expedition to the cañon from Prescott, a few days previously; and having been left alone by his companions, was getting along as best he could with the Indians. Pu-lá-ka-kai led the way further down the river to about the middle of the plain, where, near a beautifully sheltered hut, a former host welcomed him and us with [574] jolly cordiality; gorged us with succotash; cleared the principal portion of his hut of women, children, and dogs, for our use; and soon after summoned a council, which kept us blinking, jabbering, and smoking until past midnight.

F. H. Cushing.

[P. 394 B]

648 trouble, without so much as a well-directed glance at the heated crowd, he
609 went away as he had come, a picture of
643 imperturbable dignity and gravity. The wranglers, in the most shamefaced manner, gave up alike their dispute and its object.

609 The coming stranger is heralded by
● 574 the first observer, the chief waiting at his own house to receive him or his embassy. Any hut at which he first alights, even though the poorest, is almost sacredly regarded as his home. The inmates flock out, however suspiciously they may regard him, remove the saddles and packs from his animals, arrange them around the sides of the dwelling, invite him to enter, seat him on the best blanket or robe, and immediately improvise a meal for him, offering him, meanwhile, a drink of fresh water. During his wanderings about the village, wherever he may enter, he will almost surely find some one eating, even though it be late at night, and he will invariably be invited to partake.

576 On meeting a stranger or a long-ab-
574 sent friend, the Ha-va-su-pai grasps him
[609] by the hand, moving it up and down in time to the words of his greeting; and, as he lets go, lifts his own hollow palm toward his mouth, then, with a sudden and graceful motion, passes it down over his heart. As an evidence of confidence in a newly-made friend, a Ha-va-su-pai will sometimes give to him that whereby, in the native belief, even the giver's life may be taken through sorcery, — a hair, a bit of his skin, or a piece of his finger-nail, — this being an inviolable contract of peace and mutual regard. Several of these hairs lie among my notes, as less pleasant than pathetic mementos of such regard. Indeed, a number of my own locks are doubtless still cherished in sundry medicine bags, hanging from the wattled walls of my homes in Ha-va-su-pai-gidri. One poor, aged fellow, observing me trim my nails one day, carefully gathered the cuttings to-

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574 gether, and piteously begged me, by look and gesture, not to resent the liberty he had taken, or deprive him of his treasures.

764 When a man dies among them, he is bathed and painted, dressed in all his richest apparel, and laid, with his face toward the rising sun, to await the funeral ceremonials. Throughout the fields and orchards, usually with corn and sunflowers growing all around them, with vines and brambles covering them, are scattered little mounds of earth and ashes. These are the funeral pyres. Over the summit, a huge collection of [768] wood is piled, and the dead, together with his various possessions, is laid upon the pile. This is lighted by the son and heir, or nearest other relative, and, as the flames shoot up and envelop the body, he who applied the light throws all his worldly possessions, together with those he has inherited, upon the burning pyre, slaying his favorite dogs and horses, and adding them to the last sacrifice. [775] Upon the wings of the last film of smoke the soul of his father rises, to wander whither it will, — to come back, and bring the summer rain-clouds, to minister in many ways to the wants of his children; while the naked mourner sadly wends his way homeward, "to begin life anew, as did his father," he will tell you.

775 The spirits of those for whom the last offering has been neglected become unhappy and evil ghosts, which, together with the souls of the enemy whose scalp has not been taken and burned, [715] torment the living with the weird voices of the night, or the lone moanings of the wind on the pine-covered mesas; or, [754] as demons of disease and death, obey the behests of the dread sorcerer, or war against the good offices of the happier souls.

821 They are fairly acquainted with the
221 principal constellations, giving them
805 names, and regulating the planting and hunting seasons by their movements.

[A 556A]